

TO-NIGHT AT 7.45.
REX INGRAM'S
"TRIFLING
WOMEN"
AT THE
(WEEK-DAYS) PALACE
at 2.45 & 8.30.

The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

No. 2,163. Principal Office: 6, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

LONDON, SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1923.

Published at the
Two Pence.



TAXPAYERS' HOPES FOR TO-MORROW.



MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

BUDGET OF FEW SURPRISES.

REDUCTIONS PREDICTED.

Penny off Beer.
1 or 6d. off Income Tax.

Corporation Tax May
Be Less.

THE PUBLIC AND THE BETS TAX.

By OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduces his Budget in the House of Commons to-morrow. There has been much speculation as to its contents, and almost every possible reduction in taxation has been anticipated. There will, therefore, not be many surprises.

It is probable, however, that the amount of the surplus for the coming financial year will be greater than is generally supposed. Reductions in taxation which have been confidently predicted, in the order of probabilities, are:

1. A penny off the pint of beer, with the help of the brewers.

2. A shilling or sixpence off the income tax; the middle classes to have preferential treatment if possible.

3. A reduction in the sugar duty.

4. A reduction in the Corporation Tax—a tax on the profits of all limited liability companies, which is practically an addition to the income tax levied upon a collective basis instead of upon individuals.

A reduction in the sugar duty is improbable. We are dependent now entirely on Cuban and West Indian sugar which comes through America and is controlled by a ring in New York. The benefit of any reduction in the duty would be intercepted by the ring. Formerly our sugar supplies were drawn chiefly from Europe. The Empire, which could meet all our requirements, is now only producing an insignificant proportion of the world's supplies which is consumed almost entirely locally.

TREASURY INQUIRY.

The subject which will attract most attention in the budget speech will be a reference to a tax on betting which it is expected Mr. Baldwin will make.

"The People" to-day publishes a number of striking messages on this subject, and opinion generally is in favour of the proposed tax.

Informal inquiries into the subject have been held recently by the Treasury officials and were begun last year by Sir Robert Horne when Chancellor of the Exchequer. Leading racing men have been interviewed; bookmakers have been invited to give information, which they have readily done, and the Inland Revenue Department has been estimating the turnover on betting.

(Continued on Page Two.)

INDIAN OUTRAGE ON OFFICER'S FAMILY.

WIFE MURDERED.

GIRL OF 15 CARRIED OFF BY AFRIDIS.

Rawal Pindi, Saturday.

A terrible tragedy is reported from Kohat.

Captain Hyland, who was sharing a bungalow with Major Ellis, of the Border Regiment, was awakened last night by the howling of dogs.

As the noise continued he went into the hall of the bungalow occupied by Mrs. Ellis, where he found her lying dead with her throat cut and her fifteen-year-old daughter gone.

Captain Hyland gave the alarm, and the troops have been out all day in the hills and passes, but no capture is reported.

Kohat is situated five miles from independent territory, and the raiders are believed to be Afredis.

Major Ellis was officiating as general staff officer (first grade) for the Kohat district, having relieved Col. Turner.

The Colonel was absent at Banbury with Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief, who is touring the frontier.

This ghastly tragedy has aroused the keenest feeling on the frontier, as it follows the murder of Major Anderson and Orr in the Khyber.—Reuter.

ATTACK IN TRAIN.

THREE SOLDIERS WHO AGREED TO ROB A RICH MAN.

The two soldiers arrested near Paris for the attempted murder of an officer in the Paris-Nancy train have, says an Exchange Paris wire, made a complete confession. The men are Valeron and Maury, and a third man concerned Baubaris, made good his escape. All three belong to the Nancy Garrison, which they left, having agreed between themselves to rob a rich traveller and flee to America.

Their choice fell upon Lieut. Lacarie, who occupied a first-class compartment. Towards four in the morning Valeron, armed with an iron bar, partially stunned the officer, while Baubaris tried to strangle him. The Lieut. managed to bite Baubaris, but eventually lost consciousness and was then robbed and thrown out on to the line. Although gravely injured the officer was able to give a description of the attack and the police were notified and the arrests made when the train slowed up at Pantin.

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DUKE'S HONEYMOON.

FIRST PART TO BE SPENT ON SURREY DOWNS.

The Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon have decided to accept the offer of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville to spend the first part of their honeymoon at her house, Polleden Lacey, near Dorking.

Mrs. Greville, who has not yet returned from South Africa, is the widow of Captain Ronald Greville, brother of the present Lord Greville. Captain Greville died 15 years ago.

Mrs. Greville is an intimate friend of the Royal Family. The Duke of York has frequently been a guest at Polleden Lacey, a beautifully situated mansion on the Surrey Downs, which was the home of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the playwright.

JOY FLIGHT CRASH.

Three Killed and Pilot Severely Injured.

Three officials of the Berlin Municipality were killed in an aeroplane accident which occurred yesterday at the Tempelhoferfeld, Berlin, says a Reuter message. The pilot was also severely injured.

State and city officials had been invited to inspect the ground which it is proposed to turn into an aerodrome. The officials were offered short flights. The ill-fated machine, which crashed while landing, was destroyed.

BABIES' ROYAL ACADEMY

Studies by budding R.A.s, whose ages ranged from two to eight, were shown at the 34th annual exhibition at the Royal Drawing Society. The society wants to develop artistic talent in babies.

A pencil study of a bouncing ball and a big ship, by two-year-old "Maurice," and pencil pictures by Gordon Watt, aged eight, of incidents on a liner homeward bound from India, were said to be exceptionally good.

PATRIARCH'S TRIAL.

A Moscow despatch states that the opening of the trial of the Patriarch Tikhon, the metropolitan Nikander and other dignitaries of the Orthodox Church has now been fixed for tomorrow, says Reuter from Helsinki. The trial was presumably postponed owing to differences of opinion among the Soviet leaders.

CORDON ROUND CRACKSMEN.

MOVE TO CAPTURE EXPERT GANG.

TAXI-CAB CLUE.

MEN WITH A BAG.

As a sequel to the numerous coups brought off lately by what is obviously a gang of expert thieves, Scotland Yard, after consultation with the Home Office ("The People" learns), has forwarded to Chief Constables an urgent request to confer with a view to closer methods of working.

It is also understood that some important new appointments are to be shortly made under the Criminal Investigation Department with a view to strengthening the existing organisation for tracking criminals operating out of London.

No fewer than 35 burglaries have been committed since January at various well-known county residences in different parts of the country, where large quantities of valuables have been stolen and no arrest made. In London, too, various robberies have been committed and no arrest effected.

It is believed that the organisers of these coups are a few men well educated and with considerable inside knowledge of the movements of society people and business houses; that they have with them a certain number of experienced cracksmen who have "done time," and that they are able to tempt into their confederacy accomplices who know the local ground.

SUSPECTS INTERROGATED.

Yesterday the activities of 20 special men of the C.I.D. in tracking the £16,250 of Treasury notes stolen from Bradford Railway Station, led to the interrogation of several persons in different parts of London. No arrest, however, was made.

At the request of Scotland Yard, certain possible clues are being followed by the police at Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and the Harwich and Folkestone boats have been placed under special observation.

An important clue was picked up yesterday by the Bradford police. A taxi driver has been found who took two well-dressed men to the Midland station and waited while one of them went to the parcels office and returned with a large leather bag of considerable weight.

The men with the bag were driven by road to Leeds, where they entered the station. It is suggested the bag was a dummy such as are used by expert thieves to cover and lift packages. The taxi driver was paid with a new Treasury note.

POLICY RUSH.

An unprecedented rush has taken place in insurance against theft of jewellery, family plate, heirlooms, and valuable pictures.

Several insurance companies who had been covering this class of risk below what is known as the "tariff scale," have begun to increase their premiums by as much as 25 per cent., and some who have been heavily hit are declining business.

At Lloyd's a considerable business has been transacted in underwriting risks against theft and damage of heirlooms and picture masterpieces in the possession of some eminent noble families and business magnates.

ONLY A BOWLER.

Thieves who entered the St. Pancras Town Hall in Pancras-rd. secured nothing but the Town Clerk's bowler hat and two of his coats. After helping themselves to the garments the thieves eventually departed through the window, as footprints were found beneath it in the grounds of St. Pancras workhouse, which adjoins the Town Hall.

MOTOR GANG.

A window of a shop at Fortress-rd., Kentish Town, has been smashed and a quantity of cloth removed. Three men were seen to enter a motor-car outside, which proceeded in the direction of Highgate.

SKIN COUP.

Thieves entered the warehouse of Mr. Samuel Uisfink at Norton Folgate, City, and stole £900 worth of skins and furs.

A man who is wanted by the police for breaking into the Royal Victoria Tea Gardens at North Woolwich left behind an antique pistol with the inscription on the barrel, "Lavant Valet." It is thought that the pistol is part of the proceeds of a recent robbery.

WOOLLOOMOOLOO!

Herne Bay, the Kentish seaside resort, is likely to become as famous for the unusual names given to its new houses as for its invigorating air. Here are some of them: "Pm. Tom," "Dunnaden" (occupied by Mr. Dunn) and "Woolloomooloo." Local postmen have no difficulty in delivering at the last-named place even when it is not quite correctly.

A MILLION LBS. "WHIFF."

DOCK FIRE SCENES.

FIREMEN OVERCOME BY TOBACCO FUMES.

Thousands of tons of tobacco—and money—went up in fragrant smoke at the Victoria Dock, London, yesterday morning, when a bonded warehouse containing 4,400 hogsheads, 12,000 bales, and four thousand cases of the winsome weed were destroyed in a conflagration visible for miles around.

Something like panic prevailed for a time among the inhabitants of the adjoining houses, which, it was feared, might become involved.

It is estimated that the financial damage must amount to considerably over a million pounds, allowing for the damage done to huge stocks rescued from adjoining warehouses by the Salvage Corps.

Although the West Ham fire brigade arrived on the spot soon after the alarm was raised, the flames, fanned by a high wind, were burning so fiercely that fears were entertained for the safety of the whole dock.

Assistance was summoned from the London Fire Brigade, and after seven

KING'S ROLL REVISION.

WORK GUARANTEES FOR HEROES.

LOCAL COMMITTEES.

LINKS OF HOPE.

(Special to "The People.")

There is good news for disabled ex-Servicemen. Answers given in the House of Commons last week to questions by Captain Bowyer with regard to the operation of the King's Roll scheme indicated a decidedly encouraging state of affairs, and even then the full extent of the new and comprehensive plans being formed was not fully disclosed.

In the first place the entire movement is to be set on a new footing. Local Committees are being set up in the boroughs, though some have still to be created.

In Liverpool, however, it can be stated that the work is so satisfactory that the Committee is able to guarantee that no disabled ex-Serviceman is unemployed—a record achieved nowhere else. It is, however, hoped to repeat it everywhere in a short time.

CO-ORDINATION.

Directly these Committees are operating in the towns similar Committees will be set up in each county. There will be co-operation between all these bodies so that they will keep in touch with each other, and no man who passes from one district to another will find himself without a helping hand.

In London it is expected that the General Council will control all these bodies and ensure not merely the welfare of the men but publicity for the patriotic efforts of the firms who employ them.

By "disabled" men is meant men who are now actually recognised as such. It will not mean those men who were disabled and have recovered under treatment. This explanation is necessary to avoid misconception.

A WEEK'S SLEEP.

YOUTH'S STRANGE SICKNESS AFTER PICTURES.



Mlle. MARIE-LOUISE LANNION, the beautiful French dancer, whose engagement to the Archduke Albrecht of Austria (youngest son of Archduke Friedrich) has been announced in Switzerland.

hours of strenuous work the outbreak was considered to be under control.

Most of the tobacco destroyed was the property of the Imperial Tobacco Company.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed during the fire, the pungent "whiffs" of smoke from the strong tobacco proving decidedly too much for more than one of the firemen, though eagerly sniffed by spectators at a safer distance.

So complete was the destruction, which left the warehouse gutted to the bare walls, that a watch is being maintained on the ruins for at least a week.

The origin of the outbreak is a mystery.

DIED AT BEDSIDE.

VETERAN NURSE'S COLLAPSE WHILE ATTENDING PATIENT.

Sheffield's veteran nurse, Emma Mantion, died suddenly yesterday while attending a lady patient. She died at her post of duty.

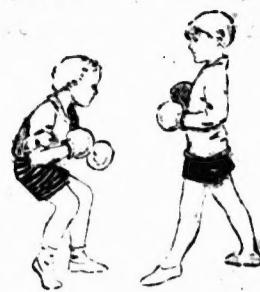
Nurse Mantion was 69 years of age and was looking after a lady patient at a house in Worksop-rd., when without uttering a word she collapsed, fell across the bed and expired.

She was apparently in robust health.

STILL THE BEST STOMACH & LIVER TONIC.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is still the best remedy for stomach and liver disorders, because no other medicine acts so beneficially upon these important organs, or banishes digestive troubles so quickly and completely. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the ideal remedy for acidity, indigestion, pains after eating, flatulence, heartburn, headaches, biliousness and constipation, is still the people's favourite, after fifty years testing.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP



Really worth fighting for

It is, too! Have you seen the prize? Mabel is holding it up to encourage them. It is just a great big tin of

Maison Lyons TOFFEE

You see both Johnny and Freddie have had some Maison Lyons Toffee before. That's why they are both going all out to get that tinful. They feel they would just love some more of that delicious toffee. So will you, when once you've tried it.

6d.
per $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

SOLD AT THE
Maisons Lyons
Corner Houses
LYONS TEASHOPS
and by
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

J. LYONS & CO. LTD. LONDON W.



RIDE A
BICYCLE
To your work and back
and save fares.



From £3 3s. BABY CARS
FOR BARGAINS.
Direct from factory for cash
or easy payment. Carriage
paid on approval. Shop profits
paid to day for Art
Cottage free. Send today for
OUR CARRIAGE CO.,
(Dept. 19), COVENTRY.

We
couldn't
have done
without

Zam-Buk

THE WORLD'S GREAT HERBAL SKIN-CURE.



Tired, Sleepless, Run-down, Nervous!

The Cure of a Man
who could not eat nor
sleep, because of
Nervous Breakdown.

Mr. John Scott is an Insurance Agent. His livelihood depends on his energy and activity. Recently he had a serious breakdown. His work exhausted him. He could not eat, nor sleep, nor rest. But Dr. Cassell's put him right. Read his statement which is given in his own words below.

Mr. John Scott's Signed Statement

Mr. John Scott, 2, Muriel Street, Barhead, Glasgow, says: "I began to feel off colour about a fortnight. I had an active outdoor life as an insurance agent, and this run-down condition was a terrible headache. Walking tired me more and more, until latterly when I arrived home I used to throw myself down on a couch utterly exhausted. I had no appetite and felt uncomfortable after eating. This developed into real pain in the stomach sometimes, and made me feel I had no heart for work. I never had a real night's rest—in fact, I was completely out of sorts, thoroughly weak and run-down. I was like this for a year, and then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Before one box was finished I felt even so much better, and very soon I was my old self. At the present time I feel splendidly fit, and as for energy, I can now make marks you'd think."

Take Two at Bedtime.

and you now will
not sleep, eat, nor
rest, and fit you
in the morning.

The Universal Home
Remedy for

Nervous Breakdowns.

Anorexia.

Pantitation.

Neuritis.

Indigestion.

Kidneys.

Sleeplessness.

Children's Weakness.

Neurasthenia.

Weakness.

Headache.

Wasting.

Specialty Valuable for

Nursing Mothers, and

During the Critical
Periods of Life.

Home Price, 1/- & 2/-.

Send for Catalogue in all parts of the world. Ask
for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and return summing.

Dr. Cassell's
Tablets

TOMORROW'S BUDGET. RACING MEN AND BETS TAX. NOTABLE OPINIONS.

(Continued from Page One.)—The duty of witnesses to show how moral conditions can be made worse by imposing a tax, and what alternative they have to propose.

No attempt has yet been made to obtain a consensus of national opinion, but it is significant that such representative men as the Bishop of Manchester, Bishop Willdon (Dean of Durham), the Very Rev. J. G. McCormick of Manchester, and Dr. Fleming, the notable Scottish Divine of St. Columba's Church, Pont-st., are all in favour of the proposed tax.

It is stated that a majority of members of the Government favour the tax in principle, and that it meets with approval from a section of the Labour Party.

It is not the intention of the Government to commit itself to the tax at present, but, as I have indicated, to explore the ground and see how the State can take advantage of this new source of revenue without detriment to the interests of any section of the community.

MAJORITY IN FAVOUR.

BENEFICIAL RESULTS TO GREAT SPORT.

With a view to securing representative opinions on the proposal, "The People" sent the following telegram to a number of racehorse owners, commission agents, and men well known in public life:—

"Will you kindly let me know if you favour ten per cent. tax on betting which would yield amount equal to shilling income tax?"

Below are given their replies:—

LORD LONGFORD:

Yes, I am strongly in favour of betting tax. I do not bet myself, but I think it should be legalised and taxed, and I am sure it would have a beneficial result.

LORD DOUGGLAS:

Just arrived from abroad. Cannot give my opinion, as I have had no time to consider the question.

SIR WALTER GILSEY:

I consider 10 per cent. too high if the horse and stamp scheme is adopted.

LORD LEVERHULME:

I am in favour of the imposition of a tax on betting, as all taxes act for restriction. I am in favour of taking off taxes on income because taxes on income limit and restrict development.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS:

Yes. Ten per cent. betting tax.

MRS. HUGH PEEL:

Certainly favour tax on betting. Would await Debate before giving opinion as to details.

SIR MALCOLM McALPINE:

Favour tax which will carry recognition of betting, which is long overdue.

SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY:

Yes.

M.R. T. A. EDGE (Non. Sec. of the Racehorse Owners' Breeders' and Trainers' Association):

Already the amusement tax is paid. Further taxation would mean the legalisation of ready-money betting, and eventually the introduction of the Part Mutual. This would bring a horde of thieves and pickpockets on every racecourse. Ready-money betting offices away from the course would be attended by queues of men, women, and children waiting to make bets, and would become a public nuisance. The yield from the tax would be very much less than the absurd estimates made public, and would mean a host of bureaucratic officials to collect the tax. Through not being interfered with racing is better conducted, and the Horse Breeding Industry is more flourishing in this country, than in any other. The taxation of betting would mean the eventual doom of both. What we want is freedom, not State control.

MR. R. F. MORTON (the veteran Com- munityalist):

My position has been misunderstood. Such a tax as is proposed would simply make bookmakers legitimate traders, and I understand that they would be very glad to be recognised in that way. But I believe it would be simply disastrous for it would make what is already a scourge of corruption a regular infestation of corruption.

What I want Parliament to do is to forbid betting, to make it illegal.

It is threatening the very life of the country.

All the winners is the cry, and one man, woman, and even children eager to know the racing results because they have made bets on them.

A tax of ten per cent. will do no good at all.

It would only legitimate betting

and probably strengthen its hold by entitling the trade behind Parliamentarian recognition.

P. C. PARKER (ex-Mayer of Northam- pton):

I should like to see the Government scheme before passing an absolute opinion. Let us see the cards on the table. £200,000 is suggested as the sum likely to be obtained from the tax. Even if a sum was obtained out of betting there would soon be an end to betting. It will be very difficult to pass the proposal through Parliament.

MR. J. SCOTT (the Mayor of Northam- pton):

I favour a tax on betting, but consider 5 per cent. would be a more practical figure as a preliminary, as it can always be reconsidered in subsequent Budgets.

MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE:

I don't bet, but the proposed tax seems reasonable enough. As I understand it, the winner pays it, and being a winner, does not feel the tax, while it costs the loser nothing.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL:

In my opinion, 10 per cent. is much too high.

MR. ASHFIELD:

Strongly favour tax on betting.

MR. JOE LEE:

Decidedly not. It is prohibitive. A lesser amount would be quite effective.

MR. MCNAULAN, GLASGOW:

I favour anything that makes the

betting less attractive.

MR. J. S. DUNLOP:

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MR. J. S. DUNLOP:

AMUSEMENTS.

LYRIC, Hammersmith. *The Beggar's Opera*.
Nights, 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 8.30.
SAVOY, At 8.15. Mat. Mon. and Sat. 8.30.
Transferred from *Kingsway*. **PITT CHATHAM**.

CHELSEA PALACE THEATRE. *"POLLY"*.
Evening, 8.15. Mat. and Sat. 8.30.
Evening, 8.15. Mat. and Sat. 8.30.

KING'S (Wilton 128). At 8. Mat. Thurs. 8.30.
George Grossmith and A. E. Malone present
"Sally". Price: 8/- 1/- 6d. Inc. 1/-.

Nature Production from Winter Garden Theatre,
Book at Theatre.

REGENT, King's Cross. *THE IMMORTAL HOUR*.
A Music Drama. Last Two Weeks.
Evenings at 8.30. Mat. Thurs. and Sat. 8.30.

DELPHI, Covent Garden. *"TRATTING BUTTER"*.
Evening, 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 8.30.
Parfle Flitman, Jack Buchanan, Sybil Fairbrother.

ADLINGTON (Gerr. 800). *TONS OF MONEY*.
Evening, 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 8.30.
AVONNE ARNAUD, TOM WALLS, RALPH LYNN.

A LHAMMERA (Gerr. 800). *8.10 and 8.45*.
A YOUNG COUPLE BE SURPRISED. Prices: 8/- to 1/-.

MARSHALL. To-morrow. *8. TRIPPING WOMEN*.
Evening, 8.15. Mat. 8.30.

LYN HAMMING, FIRST MAT. PR. 8.30.

POLLO, PHYLIS NEILSON-TERRY.

A NIGHT, IN A ROOM. *8.30*. Mat. Wed. and Thurs. 8.15 8.30.

COMEDY, Evening, 8.30. Tues. & Fri. 8.30.

CHEMISTS, Finsbury. *LAST WEDNESDAY*.
Evening, 8.30. Mat. Thurs. and Sat. 8.30.

COVENT GARDEN ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.
Tues. Night, 8.15. *LOWELL THOMAS* with
Helen Traubel, Sophie Tucker, and others, according
to the spoken story. *TRIPPING WOMAN* ROMANTIC
INDIA. First Mat. Sat. 8.30. Sun. Next. 8.30.

D'ARTAGUAN, 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 8.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S, 8.30. *MARIE TEMPESTE*.
IN THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY. Price, 8.30.

E MURRAY, The New Studio. *THE RAINBOW*.
Twice Daily, at 8.30 and 8.45.

GARRET (Gerr. 800). *JOSE COLLINS*

GRANGE STAIRS, WALTERS. By Oscar Straus.

NIGHTLY, 8.15. MAT. THURS. AND SAT. 8.30.

GARRETT (Gerr. 800). *EVES. 8.30*. MATS. WEDS.

Even. 8.30. C. H. Verdon's Production.

"PARTNERS AGAIN."

GLORE, EVEN. 8.30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 8.30.

GRANGE STAIRS, WALTERS. By Oscar Straus.

HIPPODROME, London. Daily, at 8.30 & 8.15.

Most. Empire present Julian Wylie's New

BRIGHTON LONDON. *BILLY MERRION*.

LEMON LAW. *PAUL WHITEMAN*.

RANDS. All seats bookable. Phone: Gerr. 680.

HIPPODROME, BIRMINGHAM. *THE GAY LORD*.

THE
LONDON CLUB

"The London Club is the biggest institution of its kind in the world."—"The People."

This is what "The People" and many other papers think of London's new rendezvous.

MEMBERSHIP:

Gentlemen - - -	£1 1 0
Ladies - - -	10 6
Country Members	10 0

**DANCING, CABARET
40 BILLIARD TABLES**

The finest cuisine in London
and every club comfort.

All particulars from The Secretary,
THE LONDON CLUB
King Street, Baker Street, W.

**EVERY THURSDAY IS
A CARNIVAL NIGHT**

New Prospectus—See page 13.

The People.

Editorial: 49, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.2.
Advertising: Standard Office.

TELEGS: Editorial GERRARD 8840-5
Advertisement CENTRAL 8828-9.

TELEGRAMS: TELEP. STAND. LONDON.

**WHY NOT A TAX ON
BETTING?**

According to our Parliamentary Correspondent, the Government will inquire into a proposal for imposing a tax on betting. Here, it is contended, is an untapped source of revenue. Betting is a luxury which should be taxed.

The whole theory of taxation is to place the burden upon those people and industries which can most easily bear it. Betting should come first in this category. The principle once conceded, then the question becomes one of how the plan can be put into operation. It will be the purpose of the inquiry to find this out.

DEGRADING PARLIAMENT.

If rowdism became a part—even a small part—of the Parliamentary method of any Party, it would damage that Party as much as it might damage the good name of the House of Commons.

Even the view that it is the duty of an opposition to oppose is carried too far when opposition is exhibited not in speech or in argument, but in acts of individual or group disorder, which violate the rights of other Members, and which degrade the House of Commons.

Members of all parties are chosen not merely to speak. They should set an example in behaviour to men on provincial public bodies, and inculcate by their conduct a tendency to the highest form of Government which can be attained.

It should not be thought that Labour alone is guilty of any lapse of recent years. In other parts of the House there are culprits whose conduct tends to begin or continue a form of rowdism, as any other.

Apart from proper intervention to prevent some misunderstanding, or for the purpose of appropriate correction, or for a real point of order, Members, when not themselves addressing the House, should listen as patiently as they desire others to listen to them.

If many members of the Labour Party fail to observe this standard of conduct, their party will suffer. If others depart from it, Labour will gain no form of Parliamentary protest should ever include singing in the House of Commons—whatever the song.

No debate is possible, according to House of Commons' tradition and usage, without ample self-control; and if a member cannot show it, Parliament is no place for him.

THE RED FLAG.

Words of the Song Sung by All the Best Extremists.

Here, in part, are the words of the "Red Flag," the Socialists' hymn of hate, which was sung with set-musical gusto in the House of Commons the other evening by the "glory and glory" enthusiasts.

The people's flag is deepest red;
It shroud'd off our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff or cold
Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

Cheers!
Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die!
Through towards Rich and traitors steer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here!

Look round: the Frenchman loves its blare;

The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng.

It suits to lay the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;

To trample before the rich man's frown,
And haul the sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;

Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

STAMP OUT THE ROWDIES!
M.P.s WHO SHOULD LEARN TO LISTEN.

No debate is possible according to House of Commons tradition and usage without ample self-control, and if a member cannot show it, Parliament is no place for him.

By the Right Hon. J. R. CLYNE, M.P.
THE Press generally has offered fair and helpful comment upon the scenes which occurred in the House of Commons on Wednesday. In these matters the Press has a responsibility not less than those who act in Parliament.

It is untrue, however, to assert, as some have done, that the disorder was deliberately organised at a meeting of the Labour Party. We decided that the Party Leader should protest against the Government withholding a statement of policy, if the Government would not reveal its intentions following the adverse vote on the previous evening. The resources of Parliamentary protest are extensive, but no one will deny that on Wednesday last they were exceeded.

We must, therefore, consider the degree of provocation, and the responsibility of the Government for failing to meet the reasonable claims of the Opposition after a verdict being given against the Government in the Lobbies. The vote was not a trick or a snatched victory.

The Government lost because its supporters had spoken against its policy, were pledged to concessions to the aggrieved ex-soldiers, and either went into the Lobby against the Government or would not go with it.

In the circumstances the rights of the Opposition were considerable and should have been met in a different manner and terms than was the case when the question was opened after the Government's defeat.

Reasonable concession in answer to the appeals made with due authority from the Labour Benches would have ended the issues peacefully without any division at all. More had to be conceded after a row than was asked for before it.

Our appeals evoked no answer, and failure to give a satisfactory reply when the questions were repeated after the defeat, raised the temperature and provoked disorder, which, whenever it starts or whoever begins it, must be speedily deplored.

DEGRADING PARLIAMENT.

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TALK of the PEOPLE

By "WIDEWAKE."

The Man of To-morrow.

The man of the week is Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Few Budgets have been more eagerly awaited than Mr. Baldwin's first, which he introduces to-morrow, and his political future will largely depend not so much upon the proposals which he makes, but on the way in which he presents them. Will he win the approval of the House?

Mr. Baldwin's Style.

Mr. Baldwin has shaped well up to now in his exalted position, and has won the confidence of the House. He has handled delicate situations with skill and tact. The Chancellor of the Exchequer possesses the same characteristics as his political godfather, Mr. Bonar Law. He knows when to be conciliatory and when to be firm. He is never over-confident. He underestimates his capacity. There is nothing showy and ostentatious about him. Like the Prime Minister, he rises to the situation, and sometimes astonishes his friends, who did not think he had it in him.

Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin.

There is more than one similarity between Mr. Bonar Law and his trusty lieutenant. Both were in the same kind of industrial trade, although Mr. Baldwin's was a giant enterprise compared with Mr. Bonar Law's modest business. Both retired when they had turned forty and took up political life. Mr. Baldwin's promotion has been quick—due to Mr. Bonar Law's recognition of his ability and his help.

The future Chancellor of the Exchequer began as Mr. Bonar Law's Parliamentary private secretary. In 1915 he was appointed, on Mr. Bonar Law's recommendation, as Financial Secretary to the Treasury—the highest post outside the Cabinet. He was next President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Bonar Law served in the Balfour Government of 1903, as Under-Secretary of the Department) and with the new Government of last October he reached the coveted Treasury. Rapid and deserved promotion.

His Kinship with Genius.

Mr. Baldwin brings to politics a cultured mind and artistic tastes. Perhaps he inherited these qualities from his mother. Mr. Baldwin's mother was one of the beautiful MacDonalds. There were five beautiful and talented daughters of a Scottish Minister—daughters of the manse. Four married notable men. One was Mr. Baldwin's mother; two married great artists, Sir E. Burne-Jones and Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy. The fourth MacDonald beauty was the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the great poet. Thus Mr. Baldwin is related to three families of great talent. He claims kinship with genius.

As a Speaker.

The Chancellor's speeches are clear and pointed, without any attempt at oratorical effort which the House of Commons dislikes. Perhaps his Budget speech will be on the lines of Mr. Asquith. He uses his pen with the skill of a literary craftsman. His writing—in letters, for instance—is good because it is natural. He has a touch of poetry in his composition. He is a great lover of art.

"Chequers."

"Chequers," the historic mansion in Bucks, the official home of the Prime Minister, presented to the nation by Lord Lee, is now occupied by Mr. Baldwin. He has a large family—four

children.

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daughter and two sons. One son is in the Irish Guards, and fought in the war. The other is at Cambridge. His eldest daughter is a talented musician. Mr. Baldwin was educated at Harrow and Cambridge.

The Duke's Home.

The Queen always "mothers" her children, male as well as female, even when they are grown up. Her Majesty has thus had a good deal to do with the furnishing of the Duke of York's married abode in Richmond Park, and has expressed her approval of it. The actual furnishing has been done by one of the leading stores, but, inasmuch as the Duke and his bride have actually, where possible, selected wed-ding presents on a strictly utilitarian basis, the domestic outfitting will be largely according to their choice.

The Duchess's Plumes.

The Duchess of Portland has, I fear, given away a trade secret, as well as having sprung a surprise on her friends of the R.S.P.C.A., in telling them that the gorgeous feathers in her hat are none other than those plucked from the ordinary barnyard fowl. If the truth were known, many of our domestic creatures are pressed into service to supply the dictates of fashion.

The Duchess of Portland.

The farmyard rooster whose feathers shares a distinction similar to that of the humble rabbit. He is called "coney" for the purposes of the furi-er, and my lady gladly wears his pelt round her neck, imagining, doubtless, it has been imported from some distant winter clime.

I don't know what the Bird of Paradise thinks of his rival, but I should imagine he finds him rather useful.

M. Loucheur's Stunt.

There are only one or two things certain about the visit of the French statesman, M. Loucheur, which is still being discussed. In the first place, he got no change out of Mr. Bonar Law. He must have thought him an exceedingly cautious and discreet Prime Minister. On the other hand, he found that Mr. Lloyd George, being released from official responsibility, exercised great freedom of expression. M. Loucheur has received an enormous amount of publicity out of his visit and his stunt both in England and France, and there is more to come, but the political significance of it all remains somewhat nebulous.

The All-Night Sitting.

The all-night sitting on Thursday night was a triumph for the Government. In the first place, the Government attendance was overwhelming. The Treasury bench was always well filled. The prolonged discussion and obstruction was on the Army and Air estimates. The speeches of Sir Samuel Hoare and Colonel Guinness for the Government were admirable in tone and temper. This is the first occasion that

Miss Lord's his-trionic career started in California, where she played children's parts. Later she appeared in comedy with Nat Goodwin, and subsequently played the leading parts in "On Trial" and "The Deluge." For the last two years she has been appearing in America with remarkable success as Anna, in Eugene O'Neill's clever play.

Colonel Leslie Wilson, the Governor of Portsmouth when the Labour Party, with their National Liberal confederates, were arranging to spring an unexpected division on the House of Commons. Colonel Wilson addressed the annual meeting of the Portsmouth Conservative Association on Monday night.

The Chief Whip made an excellent speech and showed that he is using his utmost influence to look after the naval interests of Portsmouth and Gosport. He favours the introduction of private enterprise in the naval yards so as to increase employment. He has had a long correspondence with the Admiralty about the treatment of the Marines. As a red Marine himself, he is opposed to the discontinuance of the Gosport station.

RANDOM RHYMES.

You are old, Father Commons, the young man cried,
You're the parent of Parliaments, too;
But do you regard it as quite dignified
To behave in the way that you do?

In my youth, Father Commons replied
With a smile,
I used to believe as I ought,
But now I am older it isn't worth while,

In fact I don't give it a thought.

You are old, Father Commons, repeated the youth,

You have grown most uncommonly dense,
You have little regard for decorum—in truth

You are not overburdened with sense,
But things were so dreadfully slow,
A twenty-hours sitting and then a free fight

Is much more amusing, you know,
You are old, sighed the youth, and your brain is not strong.

Though your lungs show no signs of decay,
Your morals are rocky, your ethics are wrong.

Your conduct fills me with dismay,
In my youth, said the Commons, I strove for the best,

And I showed neither favour nor fear,

But now I'm just one of a crowd like the rest.

And my pay is four hundred a year,
You are old, said the boy; you're accustomed to pose.

As the only true friend of the Masses;

Do you think they will always be led by the nose?

Do you really mistake them for asses?

You have asked me too much, and your impudent tones

I don't like, said the Commons—you horrid,

If you don't go instantane I'll send for

Jack Jones,

And then, Holy Moses you'll cap it.

The Budget Maker—Humours of Jaded M.P.'s—The Queen and the Duke's Home.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.
FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounger.

EARNING that Finlay McDonald brought a flock of Highland sheep to Kensington Gardens for grazing, my heart awoke me at the thought of Finlay's loneliness—a stranger in a strange land, far from the skirl of the pipes and the softer music of the mountain dew gurgling in the sun. Hastily taking a second liqueur I don't off and made my way

FRESH RAID ON LONDON I.R.A. OUTRAGE PLOT DISCLOSED. LIST OF GUNMEN. LEADER CAPTURED.

A successful raid by a strong detachment of the Flying Squad of Scotland Yard detectives in the S.E. "sector" of the I.R.A. front in London concluded yesterday morning, the spoil, apart from two detentions and one revolver, consisting of a mass of documents of amazing import.

Plots to attack prominent public buildings in the Metropolis—including the blowing up of light and electric power stations belonging to the Underground—plots to raid prisons and release I.R.A. prisoners in London, and conspiracies against the lives of high officials are said to be revealed by the correspondence seized in the course of the raid.

The coup, which had as its objective the break-up of "B" Company of the London Battalion of the I.R.A., was the direct sequel to information acquired in the raid of March 11, when 44 men and women were arrested in London and deported to Ireland.

It was effected by 150 police, travelling in swift motor-cars, and the areas covered comprised the whole of Brixton, Clapham, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Lee, Greenwich, Woolwich, Lewisham, Herne Hill, Dartford and Camberwell. Altogether 27 suspects were visited, all of them persons included in a nominal roll of "B" Company found during a former raid.

MARKED EX-MINISTER.

In every case the visit of the police officers came as a complete surprise to the persons concerned. At many of the houses visited the occupants had already retired for the night, and some difficulty was experienced in getting replies to the police demands for admission.

Among the documents discovered were—

A complete plan of Brixton Prison, together with all details, duties of the warders and their movements, and also those of the Governor;

A complete list of prominent police officials, together with their descriptions, addresses, etc.;

Particulars of the house and movements of a well-known ex-Cabinet Minister;

Another document contained a detailed account of the qualifications of members of the company, who were variously listed as gunmen, cyclists, motor-cyclists and mechanics, with details of age, physique, marksmanship. It is remarkable that almost all the members of the company appear to be little more than boys, the ages varying from 16 to 24. Most of them are only 19 or 20 years of age.

From the documents garnered by the police it is clear that a plot covering not only London but the whole of Britain was on the eve of being put into operation.

It is believed that fresh developments are imminent, a motor-car containing six picked men of the Flying Squad having left Scotland Yard at 3 p.m. yesterday afternoon for an unknown destination.

I.R.A. SURRENDER.

AUSTIN STACK CAPTURED WITH PLAN READY.

Austin Stack, the "mystery man" of the I.R.A., and, in the opinion of many, the real directing force of the rebel movement, was captured yesterday near Clonmel by National troops.

He was found alone and unarmed, hiding in a ditch near the tiny hamlet of Dyrick, and offered no resistance when arrested.

A document of the first importance which indicates that resistance to the Free State is at its last gasp was found upon the captured leader. It is a form of surrender prepared for signature by members of the I.R.A., and runs as follows:

The gravity of the situation of the Army of the Republic owing to great odds now facing them and the losses sustained, and being of opinion that further military efforts would be futile and would cause only injury to our country without obtaining any advantage, and being of the view that the defensive war which has been waged by the Army during the past nine or ten months has made it impossible that the Irish people will ever accept less than their full national rights, and seeing it would cause too much delay to await the summoning and holding of a full meeting of the Army Council of Executive, we, the undersigned members of the Army Council and of the Executive and other officers (Army) do hereby call upon and authorise the President of the Republic to order an immediate cessation of hostilities.

Volunteers are requested to hand in their arms to — pending the election of a Government by the free choice of the people.

Stack was regarded as the best brain of the rebel organisation, and his capture, following the death of Liam Lynch, leaves de Valera with little more than a legendary authority. Nothing now is believed to stand between the rebel "army," on the verge of despair, and the conclusion of definite peace.

LIVING IN HOPES.

When Adolph Forstag (32), of Commercial-rd., E., was sent for trial at Thames Court yesterday, charged with fraudulently obtaining sums of money from Miss Fanny Goldstein, a machinist, of Jubilee-st., Mile End, she said that she was introduced to defendant with a view to marriage.

Another young woman, Fay Goldstein, a shop assistant, of Stepney, who gave evidence, was asked whether she hoped defendant would be her suitor for marriage. She laughingly replied: "We all live in hopes if we die in despair."

BOY FORGER'S "GAME OF LIFE."

AMAZING EXPLOITS. THEFTS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE CHANNEL.

The extraordinary exploits of a 17-year-old lad, described by the superintendent of a reformatory from which he absconded as "too dangerous to be at large," were narrated at Canterbury Police Court yesterday when Eric Wyndham Wright, the "hero" of the piece, was charged with stealing securities worth over £200 at Herne Bay.

Wright absconded from the Redhill Farm School on March 9 on a stolen bicycle, subsequently staying at Croydon, Maidstone, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone and Herne Bay.

It was stated that during his month of liberty his exploits included:

Theft of £10 at Croydon.

Theft of a suit at Margate.

Trip from Folkestone to Boulogne, where he stole 100 francs.

The £200 theft at Herne Bay, which formed the subject of the charge.

Wright was eventually arrested at Dover.

The Rev. McAuliffe, superintendent of the reformatory, said Wright had a very bad record, and was a skilled forger. He was exceedingly clever and well-educated, and had previously absconded.

While at Boulogne he wrote to the school: "I know what it means if I am caught, but it's the game of life, and I mean to enjoy it."

Wright, who admitted everything, was sentenced to three months hard labour, after which he will return to Redhill until he is 19.

LONE FARM OUTRAGE.

GIRL ATTACKED; DOG TO THE RESCUE.

Details were reported yesterday of a brutal attack on a girl at a lonely farm near St. Austell, Cornwall.

On Friday, it is stated, Miss Phyllis Holman, aged 19, who lives on the farm with Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunn, was ironing in the kitchen when a farm hand who also lives on the premises came in.

It is alleged that he struck the girl from behind with a piece of iron, seriously stunning a dog, and a struggle ensued between the girl and the man.

The girl, who was on the point of collapse, fell against the partially open door, shutting the man out. Before she fell unconscious she had the presence of mind to turn the key.

She was found unconscious when Mr. and Mrs. Dunn returned some two hours later from a visit to friends.

The man disappeared and, so far, has not been traced.

It was stated last evening that a man has been detained in connection with the affair. He is said to have been hiding in a wood and to have been stopped by police while making his way to some buildings attached to the farm.

DANCING GIRL'S "MARRIAGE."

Ex-Soldier and Friendship of 28 Years Ago.

A dramatic story was told at Dover Petty Sessions when application was made to the Bench for confirmation of an order made by the Maltese Courts against George Henry Morton, of Dover, to pay maintenance to a Maltese subject alleged to be his wife.

The documents in the case alleged a marriage by Morton 20 years ago with a woman named Maria Carmela. A marriage certificate was produced.

Morton denied the marriage. He stated that he was stationed in Malta with the East Surrey Regt. from 1893 to 1895, and made the acquaintance of Maria Carmela, who was then a dancing girl, and known to the English soldiers and sailors as "Carmen." He left the Army 24 years ago, and went to Dover and married.

He heard nothing of the alleged Maltese marriage until 1896, when the police came to him. He then denied it, and when further inquiries were made by the police in 1912 he heard no more about the marriage until the present summons. He agreed that the details on the certificate were correct, except the name of his father. He accounted for these details being known by the fact that he had told them to the girl.

Morton's solicitor suggested that there had been personation in the case. The alleged date of the marriage was September 28, 1895, and evidence was called to show that Morton left Malta with his regiment on October 28, 1895, so that the statement by the woman about their having lived together for twelve months afterwards was false.

The Bench were not satisfied with the evidence and made no order.

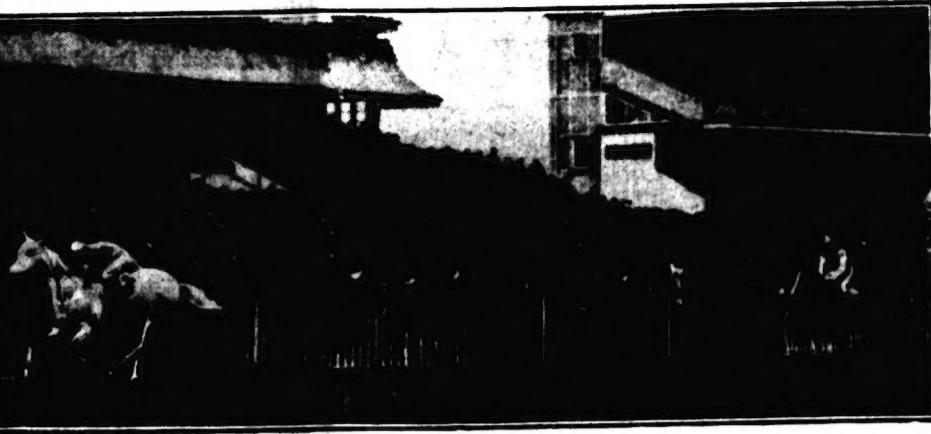
TRIBUTE TO DETECTIVES.

Detective officers were commanded at Old-st. yesterday when a man, remanded on bail to see how he behaved, was reported by Det.-Sgt. Miller to be going on satisfactorily.

Mr. Ross Doff, defending, thanked the magistrate for the sympathetic manner in which he had dealt with the case, and the detective for the way in which he had discharged his duty.

Mr. Wilberforce thereupon rescinded the order that had been previously made.

A Cricklewood church magazine apologises for having referred to "the irreverent" demeanour of a congregation instead of "their reverent" demeanour.



Royal Alarm (Larry Lynn's Selection) romps home in the race for the Newbury Spring Cup several lengths ahead of Abbey Island, who finished second.

SICK BENEFIT AND WAR TO THE KNIFE ON THE BABY.

WHY HUSBAND REFUSED TO CARRY CHILD.

In a matrimonial case at Sunderland yesterday, James Swainston, a young Silksworth miner, said the trouble arose through his refusal to meet his wife, who was coming home by omnibus, and to carry the baby. His reason for not doing so was that he was drawing sick benefit at the time, and had been seen carrying an infant the money would have been stopped. The case was dismissed.

RIVAL WIDOWS.

COURT SEQUEL TO SCENE IN CEMETERY.

A sequel to a scene in a cemetery was forthcoming at Willesden yesterday when Lilian Bradley, of Dudden Hill-lane, was summoned for wilfully damaging pots of flowers, the property of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley, of High-nd. Both parties appeared in widow's weeds.

Mrs. Bradley, senior, said she put some flowers on her husband's grave in the Willedean Cemetery, and some on her son's grave. An hour later Mrs. Bradley, junior, her son's widow, flung the jar on her son's grave at the jar on the father's grave.

Mr. Pierron, defending, said that his client was entitled to sympathy and not contempt. Mrs. Bradley, senior, had always been hostile to her daughter-in-law, and created a scene at her marriage, the police having to be called in.

After three years of marriage the son died, and the wife paid for his grave and kept it planted with flowers. The mother repeatedly went to the cemetery, disturbed the flowers, and put old jamjars containing other flowers on the grave. This annoyed the young widow, who removed the pots and flowers, as she was entitled to do. The summons was dismissed.

Both sides are well satisfied with the settlement and have prepared their case for presentation before the arbitrator. The operatives hope to establish their claim that the employers violated the agreement, and that no action can be taken to bring about an immediate reduction of wages.

Speaking at Gateshead, Mr. J. H. Thomas said that if the railway companies precipitated matters by an immediate enforcement of a reduction of the shommen's wages, the N.U.R. executive would call a general strike. He hoped the companies would not be so foolish.

MISSING.

Mrs. Kemp, of 154, Bridge-st., Wye, near Ashford, Kent, is anxious to receive news of the whereabouts of her husband, Mr. Alfred Kemp, who disappeared from home on August 22, 1921. Since that date no word whatever has been received regarding him, and Mrs. Kemp would be glad of any information that may throw light on her husband's disappearance.

Mr. Kemp, whose photograph we reproduce, is a miller's stone dresser by trade.

A cup is to be offered to induce owners of the large yachts to emulate his Majesty and come to Southend, where 2,000 yachtsmen belonging to our six clubs have arranged a programme of surpassing interest.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Ashford Brotherhood.—Mr. A. Buchanan, of the "Workers' Searchlight," will address the Ashford Brotherhood to-day at 3.15 p.m.

His Last Dols.—David Davies, an unemployed worker, dropped dead on returning home with his dole from the Labour Exchange.

Females Outnumber Males.—There are more women than men in Wales. In Glamorgan and Monmouth the excess is 27,000.

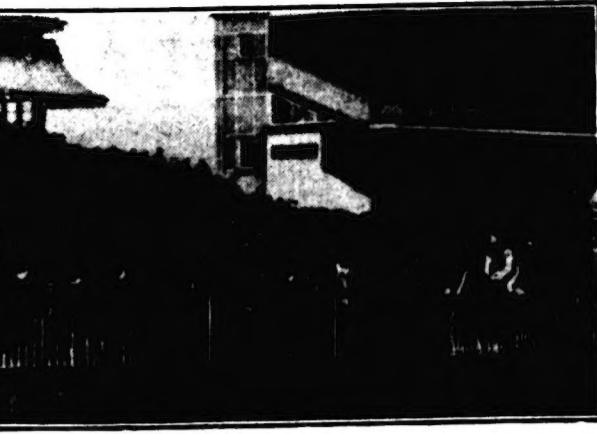
The Swollen Thame.—The recent heavy rains have caused considerable swelling of the Thame. Near Sherperton the river has risen to over five feet in the last three days.

Found Dead in Ditch.—The body of Mrs. Esther Higgs, of Egham Hts., Surrey, has been recovered from a ditch near her home. She suffered from bad rheumatism.

2nd Dorset Tributes.—In memory of the members of the 2nd Battn. Dorset Regt. who fell in the war, a wreath was placed on the Conocophia, Whitehall, yesterday, the anniversary of the Battle of Shaibah, in which the battalion took a prominent part.

Wife's Tragic Discovery.—Francis Bulwer Swainston (40), of Vineyard-st., Colchester, was found dead yesterday, suspended by a leather strap tied to a door. The deceased was blind, and the body was discovered by his wife and daughter.

Man Falls over Bridge.—In full view of a big crowd, a man fell over Trent Bridge, Burton-on-Trent. Police and others who rushed to the rescue were helpless, as the body was quickly carried away, the river being swollen by recent rains.



DOG BARK IN COURT.

DISPUTED OWNERSHIP OF POM.

Can a dog lose all sense of appreciating who is its owner within a month was the point in issue at Tottenham yesterday when a man sought to recover a Pomeranian dog from a woman.

The case was that he lost his dog in March, and did not see it again until Easter, when he found the animal in possession of defendant. Her story was that she bought the dog from a man on Easter Sunday at Club Row. Complaintant added that when he saw the dog at the woman's house he threw a stone and the dog ran for it.

The farmers reply that they are getting sufficient help to carry on; their slogan is business as usual. Four hundred farmers' sons and farm pupils are now helping the Norfolk farmers, and more are expected. Clergymen and sons of clergymen have offered assistance, and the farmers say that many labourers are returning to work on the farmers' terms of 25s. for 52 hours.

The Labour leaders, on the other hand, assert that the farmers are so pressed as to make private bargains with men for 25s. and over for 52 hours.

The Lord Chief Justice will announce the name of the arbitrator to adjudicate on the points at issue in the building dispute to the parties to-morrow, and it is expected that the court will commence its sittings next Thursday.

The decision to refer the dispute on wages and hours to arbitration was made to the strike that in some districts the men were not notified of the agreement and remained adamant to all appeals of their employers.

Both sides are well satisfied with the settlement and have prepared their case for presentation before the arbitrator. The operatives hope to establish their claim that the employers violated the agreement, and that no action can be taken to bring about an immediate reduction of wages.

Speaking at Gateshead, Mr. J. H. Thomas said that if the railway companies precipitated matters by an immediate enforcement of a reduction of the shommen's wages, the N.U.R. executive would call a general strike. He hoped the companies would not be so foolish.

The Magistrate decided that the dog belonged to the man, and when it was handed over to him the man sought to change its collar, but the dog bit him, and tried to rejoin the woman.

Complainant, however, held on to the animal, with which he left the court.

LONDON BY THE SEA.

SOUTHEND ON THE VERGE OF A GREAT BOOM.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Southend, Saturday.

Southend is on the verge of an epoch-making boom.

The King and Queen are coming.

The Britannia and other big yachts will be here.

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A cup is to be offered to induce owners of the large yachts to emulate his Majesty and come to Southend, where 2,000 yachtsmen belonging to our six clubs have arranged a programme of surpassing interest.

We can never get the full story either of Antwerp or Gallipoli as unfortunately, Lord Kitchener's side of the case can never be known.

One of the great tragedies of the war was the Gallipoli Campaign. Mr. Churchill does not reach the final stage in this volume, but he puts up a strong defence of his tactics. He wanted the Allies to attack Turkey early in the war, but that course was not adopted.

As a result, he says, one blunder led to another, and "a more fearful series of tragedies has scarcely ever darkened the melancholy pages of history."

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**CHAPTER XI.—(continued).**

THEM red-bloodes can consume helluva lot," remarked Jerry significantly. "an I'd see he sits it once he's there."

"About the other men?" questioned Mr. Levigne.

"Frankie says the other guineas—Spodani—has got hold of a right fifty bunches. Most diggots—all wanted—and quick on the knife. There's a herd of 'em round some place—something Hill."

"Gaffron Hill," said Mr. Levigne. "Yes, I dare say Spodani can get what we want. Communists men and Black-handlers."

Mr. McGraw expectorated at a cuspidor with deadly precision.

"I don't hold wu' them guineas," he remarked with obvious distaste. "They'd sell th' pants offa their back for a quart of red wine; an' them who-hoof for Hell's denizens; cool steel an' petticoats. I can do a bita both; but mix on them yellor gunks it minal."

Mr. Levigne yawned slightly.

"I've had them to handle before," he said slowly, "and believe me, my dear Jerry, I know how to deal with them."

"So do I," retorted Mr. McGraw tersely. "Wit' a nice short little bit of Besseneur. Good job we ain't got no wimmen in this picnic—baring Howarth's lot. Somebody ud be getting theirs' k'eps."

"We haven't," responded Mr. Levigne, "and if we should be obliged to later on, I'll leave you in charge of them."

"Tack ya fr' nuttin'," said Mr. McGraw shortly.

"Shall I see you to-night?" inquired the Parson, as an indication that the interview was concluded.

"None," said Mr. McGraw, folding up his paper carefully. "Not unless it's business. I gotta fresh Casy what's flop-pin' th' foot in a swell hash foundry. I'm gonna blow one to a vaudeville show this P.M. I'more!"

The Parson thought a moment.

"Cual spes; with a car. Hinc me one of Frankie's, using Domenico's, ten shillin'ight," said Mr. McGraw, and forthwith took his departure.

Some ten minutes later, Mr. Levigne leisurely rose, strolled to the entrance, haled a "taxi," and was driven to an exclusive boarding-house in a fashionable suburb, where he was understood to be a visiting American philanthropist, deeply interested in English missionary enterprises.

At the same moment at the Honourable Mr. Blakeley's rooms in Pont Street, a select little circle of gentlemen were engaged in going over the staff work of a certain enterprise; said staff work the result of an all-night conference between chief of Staff Courtney and the gentleman in whose rooms they were congregated. In each and every eye was the glitter of unholy excitement; upon every face the "get there, damn you, or fade away" expression—square, out-thrust chin, grooved foreheads and a tight compression of the lips that told an eager hanging on the speaker's every syllable.

Paddy Courtney, standing with his back to the mantel, waved a hand in conclusion.

"So there ye are," he said, "and now you know all about it. At least"—he added—"all that with due respects, ye can know at the present moment."

"What d'ye think of it?" inquired the Honourable Bill, addressing the convention generally.

"My dear old chap," responded Mr. Jimmy Carrington, V.C., "it's a topping show! A godsend!"

"This gunnun blighter's a bit hot, isn't he?" said Mr. Bowes-Chevington early. "I do have he's my job. Really, Courtney, I think you ought to come in slightly. I'm cokin' with a Welshy '44."

"That be blowed," interjected Mr. Carrington. "He's my meat. Just my barrow!"

"Well, you shant up!" begged the exalted Major Galbraith, in some exasperation, "and let me think! I take it," he continued, looking at Patrick and then him to Blakeley, "that you're not versus to—a suggestion—I don't say a criticism, of course—upon your plan of design as you've set it out?"

"Fire away, Major," answered Mr. Courtney readily.

"Good man!" encouraged the Honourable Bill.

The Major stroked his moustache and for a moment at the carpet with his closed eyes.

"Clumper!" yelled Mr. Blakeley.

A keenly crumpled head, adorned by two past, twinkling eyes, a broken nose, enormous bat-like ears, appeared suddenly around the door.

"Yessir," acknowledged Clumper shortly.

"Touching beer," inquired Mr. Blakeley.

"Have we any left?"

"Y-e-sir," answered Mr. Clumper. "In three dozen last night, sir, when these gens was comin'. Two as usual, sir, and one extra."

"Smart man," said Mr. Blakeley. "Proper—*it*—and glasses; wiped; with towel; etc."

"Yessir," said Mr. Clumper, and disappeared as suddenly as he came.

"But man in England," whispered Mr. Blakeley confidentially, "but will wine the bally glasses on his handkerchief."

Mr. Clumper, having set forth the usual refreshment and deposited the tray, by special request, upon the floor, the door closed finally upon his instructions. The Honourable Bill then emerged from a low ottoman a clean white towel and proceeded to put a final, if necessary, touch on the goiters. Each gentleman had been provided with an ampling of cool amber beer. The Honourable Bill turned again to the ruminating Major.

"Now, Gal," he said, "let's hear from you."

"The point that strikes me," began the Major slowly, "is Wilshire. Courtney's got the rest of his ground pretty well covered; but the line of communication from Wilshire is weak. If there is the slightest reason to apprehend any molestation of Lady Raceland by these perfidious scoundrels—you're the hoodoo of that, Courtney—what's she, being a woman, is to an extent helpless, that's the point we want strength and mobility of forces. Above all—communications."

"That strikes you?"

"At once," he said thoughtfully; "but you're not forgetting old Diamond?"

"Say for a moment," replied the Major quickly; "but he's a lied man! By the very nature of his job he's a fixture. The

greater the menace the bigger the fixer. Things might be happening all round him—and he's helpless. Except by letter, he's cut off."

"Telegraph?" suggested Mr. Carrington mildly.

"Something happens at night too late in wire. It's an isolated village, Claversing. I understand—some miles from the telegraph at any time. It won't do," urged the Major, shaking his head; "with gang like this, it emphatically will not do."

There was a moment's thoughtful silence, broken by the Honourable Bill.

"You've got a motor-bike, haven't you?" he asked.

Rattray nodded eagerly.

"A hummer," he answered. "Let me go. I can take my camera and muck about photographing the boids, etc."

Courtney looked up.

"Right-ho," he said. "Get in touch with Diamond; then keep as far away from him openly as possible. Any beauty spots round Claversing?" he inquired of the Honourable Bill.

"Plenty. Historic old spot. Rats can mess about there photographing for a month. Raceland Arms not a bad show-clean, good grub; and I can recommend the beer. Holden the bloke's name—an old sweat."

Rattray rose. "I'm off," he announced blithely. "If you want to communicate with me—Brooks'll be the manager. Augustus, Gus Brooks. So long, all you chaps. I hope some of the fun comes my way."

At the door the Honourable Bill hailed him.

"By the way, Rats," he said, "make love to the virgin at the post office. She's a sporty little sort, and there's a trunk call from there. May be use ful. She collects coins."

"So shall I," assured Mr. Rattray. "I'll take a bunch down with me—for exchange."

"Don't go blottin'."

At the fair escutcheon, thought, admonished Mr. Blakeley ribaldly.

Mr. Rattray grinned and departed down the stairs, whistling blithely.

"Now about this bally blighter," recommended Mr. Carrington, V.C., with some anxiety. "Don't you think?"

"No, James," cut in the Honourable Bill bluntly. "We don't. As nobody knows yet just who the merchant was, he'll keep for a bit. He won't go bad—even this weather. Your job's assigned."

"It's deadly enough."

Mr. Carrington straightened up. A very alert look came into his cold blue eyes, and he recited his moule in firmly.

"Ha!" he ejaculated. "Cough it up."

"Do you know a girl, woman-feminine, of any kind that would be seen out at dinner, ye for a temporary performance? Because if there is such an interpid female, you dine her at Spodani's *Cafe de Napoli* every evening from now until orders are rescinded."

"The Lion's Den," added Mr. Blakeley grimly.

Mr. Carrington pondered a moment; then snapped his fingers happily.

"I know the woman," he exclaimed. "One of the don't-care-if-it-shows-ink breed. Smart lass—divorce I think—but that won't matter. I've got no reputation to lose."

"And if you take my tip, Percival," broke in the Honourable Bill, glaring at him, "you—you-blowed if I know what you are!"

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"Make sure she can stick a rough house," advised Mr. Blakeley, "because she may find herself in the thick of one any minute—if I know my little Enrico."

"Oh, that won't worry this lass," assured Mr. Carrington calmly. "She's one of the original foolish virgins. Laugh like a lunatic in the middle of a stampede of cattle. Don't worry about her. I shant." He disposed of the lady with a curt gesture, and addressed himself to the real business. "The dead's done!"

Saying which, Mr. Bowes-Chevington flung himself out in a state of furious excitement, and was heard whistling for a taxi like a man possessed.

"That boy," said the Major warily. "He'll be the death of me. I suffered from him for two years out there—and here he is again."

"I'm afraid," said Patrick, shaking his head, "he seems a bit of an ass. I don't know."

"You don't," replied the Major abruptly. "Unless I'm much mistaken, Bowes-Chevington could buy and sell the lot of us. And now," he continued, "what's my job. I like to think things out a bit."

"You Major," answered Patrick. "You Ferrie?" he then addressed to Blakeley and myself. We'll keep in town for this. The gags are here somewhere, and they've got to be routed out. The other lads can start it—it'll butt in when the trail gets hot."

"Right. I'm glad to be in town, of course—on account of the missus and the kids; but I hope—the Major sounded somewhat rueful at this—"they don't have all the real fun of it."

"And that," said Mr. Carrington rising briskly, "will be tonight. I'll instruct the ferme in the art of caution."

"If you want a better job than that, Jimmy," put in Mr. Bowes-Chevington moodily, "you ought to be hanged like a dog."

"It's my job to a 'T,'" returned Mr. Carrington. "I'm off to phone up the report direct," continued Patrick. "Write, telegraph if urgent, and watch what's at your elbow. You'll be shadowed for a certainty from the first night you go—so will the 'she'."

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